THE
Oxford Riddle,
OR, A
K E Y
TO
Dr. Sa---l's Padlock.
A
POEM.

N.C.
F.MADAN
OXFORD

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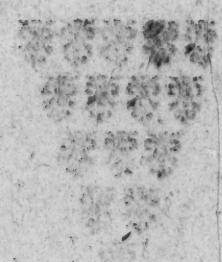

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THE Oxford Riddle: OR, A KEY TO Dr: *Sa*-----*l's* Padlock. *&c.*

FROM Heaven first my antient Lineage came,
Sprung from a bright and pure Celestial Flame,
And the most Noble Souls that liv'd on Earth,
I still have dwelt with from my very Birth.
To God, and to my Prince, I'm ne'er untrue,
But what was just did in all Times pursue.
My Parents were the Saints of antient Days,
Who sagely did to Heaven prefer my Praise:
Honours my Elder Brother; my *Sister* is,
Religion too, and near allied to PEACE,
And yet you'll hardly find out who I am,
Nor Soul, nor Body, but a virtuous Name;
That live in Tears, to see an Age like this,
When *Disobedience* so encourag'd is.
From *Pulpit* Friends what Doctrine do I hear,
In what strange monstrous Shapes do they appear
The Antient Purity they once might boast,
In *Interest*, *Pride*, and *Flattery* is lost:

Then

Then *Prieſts* were nearer much to Heaven allied,
And *Grace*, and *Truth*, their Doctrines beautified;
Teaching in Groſs, with Pains the Peoples Good,
Whilſt they the ſame with Innocence purſu'd.
Then was I Great in each good Man's Eſteem,
And only then Shone bright the Diadem.
When Kings, as God's *Vice-Gerents* were allow'd,
Not Choſen by the Blind and Partial Crowd:
But held too ſacred to be bound in Bands,
Or be defil'd by th' Multitudes rude Hands.
But by a *Right Divine*, the Sceptre ſway'd,
And what they Taught the People ſtill obey'd:
Then led by Grace the Prieſtly Tribe were bent,
To lengthen out the Reins of Government.
Paſſive Obedience was the Peoples Dream,
And *Non Reſiſtance* was the Preachers Theme.
'Twas thus the People, they to Reaſon brought,
Call'd Duty then, tho' now as Slav'ry Taught.
Thus what was once upheld, they now cruſh down,
To Faith's Contempt, and Scandal to the Crown:
No various Conſtitutions can Excuſe,
Such Shifts and Turns ſome Modern Clergy uſe.
If they like Shuttlecocks fly too and fro,
How ſhall Mankind their Faith or Duty know?
Some do indeed my Virtues Recommend,
And ſacred Powers hold me as their Friend:
The Man that loudeſt did my *Tenets* praiſe,
Himſelf did higheſt in Opinion raiſe:
Bleſs'd was his Name in each good Chriſtians Mouth,
Who durſt in dang'rous Times Exert the Truth,
That when I had moſt Foes, all Silence broke,
And what he thought their Crimes as boldly ſpoke:
From him new Life I then again deriv'd,
And by his happy Doctrine was reviv'd.
The People every where in joyful Swarms,
Receiv'd me as a Friend with open Arms;
Rebellion too before me did give Ground,
Yet ſtill a Shelter in ſome Places found;
Nay, to the Church ſome did for Refuge fly,
And with their Prieſts my Goverment deny;

My

My native Principles I'll firſt expreſs,
And what I am I'll leave you then to Gueſs.
Tho' their own Chriſtian Laws I'll let 'em ſee,
How on baſe Grounds they with me diſagree.
The Perſon of the King I ſacret hold,
As *Scriptures* own, and *Prieſts* have Taught of Old:
A Monarch and *S*ubordinate to none,
Accountable on Earth, to God alone.
The Laws divine, and Humane Laws accord,
For Touch not my Annointed, (ſays the Lord)
Which proves, that whatſoever Princes do,
It's ſtill the *S*ubjects Duty to be True.
These Truths firſt bred me in the Heart of Man,
Where long I did my bleſſed ſway maintain;
Then was I doated on by ev'ry Prieſt,
Tho' now become each Cockcombs common jeſt.
In Chriſtians Minds I did Triumphant ride,
The Subjects Duty, and the Statſman's Pride,
The Soldier's Honour, and the Clergies Eame,
The Kingdoms Safety, and the Rebels ſhame;
The Lawyers Argument, the Poets Theme,
The Young Man's Glory, and the Old Man's Dream.
The Princes Pleaſure, and the Peoples Joy,
GOD SAVE THE KING, the Prayer of every Boy.
Theſe Epithets, and Prieſts of Old did give,
And Preach'd, and Pray'd I might for ever live;
Approved me as a Virtue fit to Reign,
And bear Dominion in the Hearts of Men.
But that Church Wind, that aided in my flight,
And rais'd me up to ſuch a tott'ring Highth:
By Saints ſtrong Bellows, from the Pulpie blown,
B'ing turn'd againſt me, brought me tumbling down,
Where Bury'd in Contempt, I lay diſus'd,
Till *OXFORD*'s-SEED *the Serpents Head had bruis'd.*
Then did I once again in Honour riſe,
Now what I am, I leave you to deviſe.

FINIS.

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